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F. P. B.
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DUTY:

AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

University of Pennsylvania,

BEFORE THE

SOCIETY OF THE ALUMNI,

AT THEIR

119TH ANNUAL CELEBRATION, DECEMBER 13, 1869,

BY

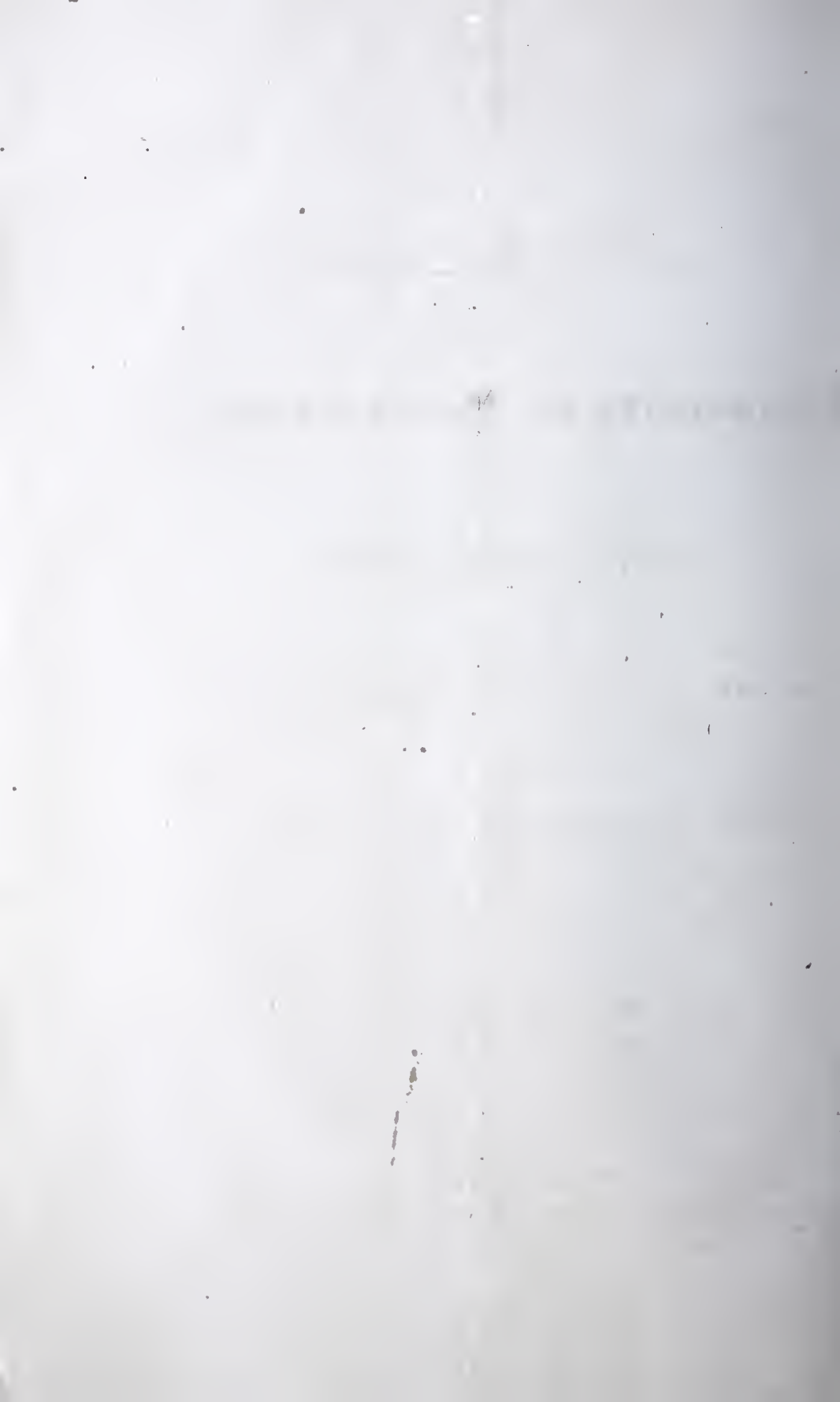
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1825-1829
HON. F. CARROLL BREWSTER.

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA:

CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING COMPANY, 30 & 32 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

605 WALNUT STREET.

December 17th, 1869.

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor and pleasure to communicate to you the following resolution of the Board of Managers of the Society of the Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania:

“Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be tendered to the Hon. F. Carroll Brewster for his eloquent Oration delivered before the Society on the 13th inst., and that the Corresponding Secretary be directed to request from him a copy for publication.”

Permit me to request a copy of the address for the purpose of the above resolution.

Your obedient servant,

Z. POULSON DOBSON,

Corresponding Secretary Society Alumni.

THE HON. F. CARROLL BREWSTER.

NO. 16 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

December 27th, 1869.

TO Z. POULSON DOBSON, ESQ.,

Corresponding Secretary Society of Alumni.

University of Pennsylvania:

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 17th inst., in which you courteously advise me of the passage of a resolution by the Society of the Alumni, requesting a copy of the address delivered on the 13th inst.

My absence from the city has prevented an earlier compliance with your request.

I enclose the copy desired, and beg to send with it my most grateful acknowledgments to the Society of the Alumni and to all its officers for their kindness and courtesy.

With great respect,

Very sincerely yours,

F. CARROLL BREWSTER.



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ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION:

My first words should be an acknowledgment of the honor paid me by the invitation to address you. To be supposed capable of saying any thing which would be of interest to those whose pursuits and reading constantly bring them into contact with the writings of the wise and good is of itself a compliment, which, though all unmerited in the present instance, yet forcibly challenges my gratitude. But above all such considerations there is the still more pleasing thought that old associations have not been forgotten. Life may have its many vicissitudes; the journey may lead us at times to the hilltops of hope and happiness, glittering with their vistas of anticipated joys, and again, the path becoming suddenly narrow and rough, may plant our footsteps in some dark valley of humiliation and affliction; but amidst this alternation of lights and shadows, of smiles and tears, I know no mere worldly joy or consolation equal to the reflection that we are kindly remembered. Aside from personal interest, it would seem eminently proper that you should annually call back one or more of your number—not to read you a layman's homily, but, like the returned Crusader of old, to tell his comrades of perils encountered, battles fought, defeats outlived, and victories won. It

might seldom be a narrative of actual conflict on the tented field, but it would perhaps be none the less a history of sharp engagements and fierce trials. I am a firm believer in the truth that the heroes and heroines of this world are not confined to battle-fields, and rarely appear in print. The little barefooted boy we meet every day in our business walks, fighting his way through life against poverty, feebleness, and friendlessness, and winning his ascent by hard contests and harder usage, is more deserving of applause than the soldier who has won his epaulettes by drawing-room influence. The insulted and ill-paid seamstress, resisting temptation and struggling against want, to die perhaps prematurely in some cold garret of disease engendered or aggravated by her poverty, is more of a heroine than a thousand of Virgil's Amazons.

“*Penthisilea furens aurea subnectens exsertæ cingula mammæ.*”

The true test of merit lies, therefore, in performance of our *duty*, and this tiny substantive has been selected as the text of my discourse, for I know no larger volume of thought in smaller compass than that presented by this little word. It compriseth all the Bible, all the lessons of history, all the teachings of philosophy, and all the exhortations of all the sermons ever penned. Wherever we read the sayings of the wise or good, there will be found this great germ of all truth. Even in the writings of Confucius, the contemporary with Ezra, Pythagoras, and Thales, we find exhortations which develop the power of this little word. He says to us:

“I daily examine myself in a threefold manner—in my transactions with men, if I am upright; in my inter-

"course with friends, if I am faithful; and whether I illustrate the teachings of my master in my conduct.

"Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

"When you transgress, do not fear to return.

"Learn the past, and you will know the future.

"Worship as though the Deity were present.

"If my mind is not engaged in my worship, it is as though I worshipped not."

If these axioms of the heathen philosopher breathed so strongly the inspiration of duty, we are, of course, far from disappointed to find it on almost every page of Holy Writ. Moses, David, and all the Prophets—our Saviour and all the Apostles—made it the text of all their sermons, and stamped its image upon all the acts and words of their lives. A long line of eloquent preachers, from Florens Tertullianus to Alonzo Potter, embracing in their ranks Chrysostom, Wicliffe, Latimer, Baxter, Tillotson, Wesley, Whitefield, Luther, Melancthon, Schleiermacher, Bossuet, Fénelon, Chalmers, Barnes, Bethune, Durbin, and a host of others, unconsciously wove the silver thread of this principle into all their discourses.

You have doubtless been struck with the immense power of some small words. Many of our monosyllables are large folios bound up in a few letters. Like strong distillations of the laboratory, they contain life or death in a single drop.

Such is *Love*, the word descriptive of the mystic power which binds each unit of the human family to some object, and the whole to God himself, the type, and life, and essence of love.

Such is *Law*, the agency which controls worlds and atoms, the secret spell which directs the workings of the

universe without and the mystery within us, whose presence fills all space, but whose home is the bosom of the Creator.

So in this word *Duty*, selected for our thought this evening, we find four letters embracing all sermons, all intercourse in life, and all obligation to ourselves, to each other, and to our Supreme Judge. When we think of the almost boundless theme its contemplation opens to us, we seem to stand like travellers whose journey has suddenly brought them face to face with the opening of some great mine. Before us lie wide avenues of thought, and diverging from each are gallery and corridor almost without number. Let us look at this word, then, for a few brief minutes, and do this work seriously, for over the gateway of the path on which we now enter I see those two solemn words, "Time—Eternity," and I find that two lives are bound up in our little text.

First. We find a most important part of *Duty* owing to our country. How imperative the obligation to preserve its dearly-bought institutions unstained for coming generations!—to set our faces as flints against all of corruption and other iniquity which threatens its destruction. Our legislation is a crying evil, our heaping-up of statutes calling to mind Bacon's condemnation, when he declared, this "maketh but a chaos and confusion, and turneth the "laws many times to become a snare for the people." Our multiplication of monopolies—our disregard of the great claims of all men and women to be equal before the law—all these and other wrongs, practised or allowed, must bring their retribution. Have millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives been taken from us, and is the lesson still unlearned which tells us that, as we sow

so shall we reap? Since the world began, the wrong was never left unavenged. It may be committed in secret, as was the first murder; but Truth and History shall tell the tale to all time. It may be assisted by a hand so strong that it would seem impossible to foil its power, as in the case of oppressed Ireland; but seven centuries of wrong cannot avail, and seven more will fail to profit the oppressor. Are all these lessons to be lost on us, and, because we have the power, are we to make distinctions odious to Reason and call them *Law*? Can we not see that civilization is a moving, marching element, and that we must keep pace or be left behind? The evil of the time seems to be an intense selfishness. So one man can enjoy the right of suffrage, he cares not who may be deprived of it. Further than this, he is indifferent as to its exercise by himself, and is content, if he can add to his store, to let his country take care of itself. Three hours attendance at primary elections would drive all politics and ruffianism to the wall; but our good citizens cannot be expected to lose that time from the marts of trade, and a few attempt to discharge this duty, they are left unsupported by their friends in a hopeless minority. Of all the books crammed into the brains of students of both sexes, none would be so useful as some small tract, which should teach them to love and to do something for their country. This ardor might be kindled by referring more constantly to the duty of studying the characters of true patriots. It is said to have been a frequent custom of a great statesman to rouse his mental energies previous to some mighty effort by endeavoring to master one of Paul's great arguments in the Epistle to the Romans. And it has been well recorded that Cæsar might never

have had his splendid triumphs had he not one day noticed a statue of Alexander, which adorned a certain edifice in Spain, and which fired him with a new enthusiasm by the recollection that the conqueror of the world had died at thirty, while he, five years older, had done so little. It is thus that, by the inspection of the historic model, we may imbibe its attributes. "Invention," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Discourses before the Royal Academy, "is one of the great marks of genius; but, if we consult experience, we shall find that it is by being conversant with the inventions of *others* that we *learn* to invent; as, by reading the thoughts of others, we learn to think." Demosthenes achieved his greatness by the study of Homer and Thucydides; and we are told that Cicero copied the strength of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the delicacy of Socrates; while Plato, though he despaired of excelling his model, Homer, yet, by his mere imitation, acquired a sweetness of style, which won for him the title of "Homer of Philosophers." It might thus come to pass that such contemplation of the great and good would kindle in us a new fire of patriotism, which would teach us new lessons. Amongst these might perhaps then be learned the philosophy which would tell us that love of liberty did not consist in writing or talking about its excellence, but rather in maintaining the equality before the law of all races and sexes, and in giving our active sympathy and our material aid, if necessary, wherever humanity suffered. We could then with truth exclaim, as did the Roman: "I am a man, and hold nothing human alien to me." The suffering Jews, expatriated by the thousands in Russia at one fell swoop, would then challenge our dignified remonstrance

against their wrong, which reminds us of the suffering of the poor Acadians in the last century, when a little nation was turned into the wilderness upon a mere suspicion of treason to England.

“Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the
mighty
“Ruled with a rod of iron.”

Ireland, and Cuba too, would also find in us as firm a friend as the persecuted Waldenses found in Cromwell and Milton. If England, emerging from the throes of a revolution, could send her manly protest, two hundred years ago, to the Duke of Savoy, surely we of the nineteenth century could afford to repeat to her and to others the same language. Mark the spirit of universal brotherhood which breathed in every line of her warning to the tyrant of that day. “Now, in regard,” she said, “we
“must acknowledge ourselves linked together, not only by
“the same type of humanity, but by joint communion of
“the same religion. We thought it impossible for us to
“satisfy our *Duty* to God, to brotherly charity, or our profession of the same religion, if we should only be affected
“with a bare sorrow for the misery and calamity of our
“brethren, and not contribute all our endeavors to relieve
“and succor them in their unexpected adversity as much
“as in us lies.”

What was just then must be right now. What was wrong when applied to the Waldenses must be equally cruel if visited upon the Poles, the Irish, or the Cubans. For we cannot agree with Pascal, that morality is often but a question of latitude; so that what is right on one side of the Pyrenees is wrong on the other. Let us

stamp out such a heresy, and fear not the charge of Quixotism; for what the Protector and his poet Secretary did, we need not be ashamed to repeat. Another result might follow the pursuit of this *Duty* of studying to be patriotic. We should hunt down as vile and loathsome the creature who dared to pollute our elections with fraud. We would then punish all such malefactors as traitors. They practise treason in its most odious form. They corrupt and falsify the true result; they make bad men exultant and good men downcast. Once probably in our history has a national election been so controlled, and all of power and influence that for years belonged to the majority was enjoyed and administered by the minority. This is repeated in certain localities year after year, and the nation calmly looks on as though the evil had nothing serious in it. I do not, of course, speak of any particular fraud practised by one or the other party. The iniquity here alluded to is the sin of all parties in perpetrating this crime, in shielding the offenders, and in creating a public feeling which teaches quiet submission to wrong. Against this let all cry out who feel that patriotism is a duty, and let them strengthen the hands of the few who, from time to time, stand up in defence of the Right. Unless this or some similar course is adopted, the day may not be far distant when quiet citizens shall ask themselves whether it is better to have a republic ruled by a mob of bad men, or a government administered by a solitary tyrant. Between two such extremes, it may not be difficult to choose. On the other hand, if we cultivate as a personal duty the obligation to see to the purity of the franchise, and to guard against a wrong there practised as if it were an invasion of our individual right, we may see

our country attain a pinnacle of moral grandeur which shall equal her geographical greatness. We shall feel the happier for this discharge of Duty, and we shall thereby extort praise even from our enemies. Many of the vile and base are sure to denounce all men whose virtues excite their envy. To this class belong the miserable libellers who prostitute the freedom of the press to their purposes of petty spite. They can never hope to rise to the dignity of the true manhood they defame, and they feed themselves with the satisfaction to be derived from libelling. They never took an oath save to break it, and they cannot comprehend how any man—President, Cabinet-officer, Governor, or Judge—can do a conscientious duty in the light of a solemn obligation. With them, all is corruption that does not favor their pockets or their ambition; and every character and household in the land may be desolated, provided the article makes the paper sell. A few years ago an editor in another city made a cowardly attack upon an actress, and she in return cowhided the scribbler. He welcomed even this; for he increased his circulation by publishing the narrative of his own disgrace. The best punishment to bestow upon this class of persons is perfect silence. One of the old French fables is entitled “The Wild Boar and the Ass.” It tells us of a wild boar who, walking through his forest, found himself annoyed by the braying of a long-eared animal, who persistently followed and tormented him. He bore all this with stoical indifference for a considerable time; but at last, enraged beyond the power of endurance, he turned to plunge his tusks into the side of his persecutor. He then, for the first time, discovered the true character of the assailant, and deeming him all unworthy of notice,

he quietly pursued his way. The moral should be carefully studied by all who are attacked by libellers. It is translated in these words: "Silence and contempt are the only vengeance that an honorable man can take of a fool." But, aside from these, the honest man encounters many of the good and true who differ from him in politics or sentiment. These persons will always admire the conscientious discharge of Duty, although it may lead to results to which they cannot agree. You have read of the little drummer-boy, who, being maimed and well-nigh bleeding to death on one of the battle-fields of the South, was at first reviled by a wounded Confederate near by; but, when the child told his enemy how the father had first enlisted—how they had always been such kind companions—how he could not bear the grief of the parting hour, and had come off with the regiment as a drummer, to watch over the father—and how his parent had been slain early in the engagement—what need to add that, when this simple story of a child's sense of Duty was narrated, his enemy was converted into a friend; and, although the Confederate was himself in the shadow of the Dark Valley, he managed to crawl to the boy, and, with his own clothing, to staunch and bind the child's wound just as the film of death closed the eyes of the Southerner upon all of this world's brightness. It is thus we see how Duty, honestly discharged, begets the respect of even our foes, and may serve, in the wise orderings of Providence, as a faithful sermon to win them to a sense of their obligations.

Across another portal in the mine we are exploring, I see engraved the words, "Duty to Self;" and from it, in turn, branch several galleries. We find that they do

not lead us to any exercise of mere selfishness, but rather to virtues which teach us to deny this vice. DEAN TRENCH tells us "the undue love of self, with the postponing of the interests of all others to our own, had for a long time no word to express it in English. Help was sought from the Greek and from the Latin: Philauty (*φιλαυτία*) had been more than once attempted by our scholars, but found no acceptance. This failing, men turned to the Latin; one writer trying to supply the want by calling the man a 'suist,' as one seeking his own things, (*sua*,) and the sin itself 'suicism.' The gap, however, was not really filled up till some of the Puritan writers, drawing on our Saxon, devised 'selfish' and 'selfishness'—words which to us seem obvious enough, but which yet are not more than two hundred years old." From the vice thus described—as, indeed, from all other follies and crimes—true duty to self will guard us. This is best accomplished, as Mackintosh would have us to understand, by strengthening our social affections and by weakening our private desires. Within the compass of this small prescription lies the whole secret of mere worldly success, the happiness of this life and perhaps also much of the bliss of the state beyond. We must build up with care, and day by day, hour by hour, if possible, do some act, however slight, to impart new vigor to our social affections. At the same time let us constantly weaken the grasp upon us of our own appetites. See how this will teach us to observe the laws of health, to secure the prolongation of our lives, and the establishment of good characters. Above all this, note how it will daily add to our stock of moral strength. It will warn us to avoid the society

of the profane or the vulgar, lest by some accident we defile ourselves by listening to blasphemous or obscene stories, which a good old Bishop told all men to shun, lest the memory of them should troop in upon us like unclean birds, even in our moments of prayer. It will teach us not only to watch our actions but to guard our meditations.

“So let each thought each passing hour
Die as dies the vernal flower,
A self-reviving thing of power :
That every word and every deed
May bear within itself the seed
Of future good and future need.”

Another caution which duty to self will enjoin will be to guard us against Pride. This is the only avenue of the heart at all times open to the enemy. From some temptations we are guarded by our natural instinct of shame, our honesty, or other virtues; but the door of pride is ever wide open to admit the flattery which beguiles or the allurements which destroys, provided it but enter there. The song of the siren is always chaunted at this gateway of the heart; and through its portal entered the temptation which destroyed the first angel that fell, and by it the first woman was beguiled and thousands of her posterity have shared the same fate. Regard for self also teaches us love of Truth and of its twin sister, Punctuality. As to Truth, it is much to be feared that between natural fondness for a little exaggeration and a little gossip, the world is in danger of losing sight of fundamental truths which, Locke tells us, are “like the lights in heaven, not only beautiful in themselves but give light to other things that, without

“them, could not be seen.” Let us ever be ready to bear witness to the Truth which makes all men free; which opens wide the Bible to all who will read it; and the doors of Science to all who will enter therein. It is not always politic, perhaps, looking at the matter in a worldly point of view, to stand up for the plain right against the rabble. The minister of the law would oftentimes find it easier, if conscience had no empire, to let the criminal escape rather than to pronounce or execute the punishment for crime. But he who loves Truth, and regards his oath, will keep his eye steadily fixed on that word *Duty*, and will march right on to the full performance of his obligation, heedless of what the multitude may say. He will thus and only thus make himself a fit companion for the bright ranks of those who,

“For the testimony of Truth, have borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence, for this was all their care
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged them perverse.”

Allied to this, as we have already mentioned, is the virtue of Punctuality. Of this little need be said, for we all daily feel its value. The want of it lost Waterloo to Napoleon. The neglect to answer the letter of King Theodorus of Abyssinia cost Great Britain forty million dollars. And quite recently a woman who felt a sudden illness whilst travelling in one of our city railways got out at a station near her home, and despatched a young man for her daughter. He started; but on his way was invited to take a social glass, which led to a second, and then to the loss of half an hour. His errand was ful-

filled too late, and the daughter came, to find that the mother had died, unsolaced by her presence. Let all men learn punctuality in business engagements. Virtue may be made habitual as readily as Vice.

It will be noticed that we have considered Truth and Punctuality as Duties to ourselves. The world classes them with obligations to our neighbors; and so the moral law treats them. Undoubtedly love for our fellow-man teaches us never to deceive him by falsehood or by breach of faith. But rightly regarded, these virtues are duties owing to our own souls. Each man should consider that he is trustee for his immortal part. This is indeed the talent committed to his stewardship, and of which he must render at last a full account. Has he polluted it by breach of any law of society? Has he wholly lost it by wilful and frequent violations of any moral law? How dreadful the conception of his accountability! Imagine, if we can, the shame of the trustee who should stand confessed as having lost the wealth of an entire family by most unpardonable follies repeated through many years of warning. Add to this the aggravation that the treasure wasted was the sum total of a world; and that all this loss was in defiance of example and of remonstrance, repeated at every step of the fatal journey. What a picture of human folly would this present! And yet it is not the thousandth part of his sin who, day by day, year by year, through a long life, degrades, pollutes, wastes, and finally ruins his own soul. It is therefor that I think of many of these duties to the neighbor as obligations to self. And with those already named might be mentioned the virtues of Temperance and Honesty. No man who has

any concern for his own well-being can ever become intemperate. By this we should not confine ourselves to mere sobriety in the use of intoxicating drinks; for it is a well-known fact that more persons commit suicide by gluttony than by drunkenness. We should invoke the spirit of Temperance as well in that which we eat as in that which we drink; and should extend it even to our conversation and temper. We should thus reach obedience to that golden law, "Moderation in all things." The loose morals of the present day might well justify an exhortation in favor of honesty. There is too little regard now paid to the sacred character of a trust. Men do not regard the moneys or property of others confided to their safe-keeping as surrounded by a circle of fire, to be kept as something almost holy, and under no circumstances to be touched; but they have been rather educated to look upon it as if it could be mingled with their own possessions, and speculated upon and trafficked with at will, so that but at last it be returned intact. This is all morally wrong, whether the result be loss or success. The only difference between disaster and good-fortune is that, in the latter case, the crime never sees the light, and has worked no special damage. When, however, the venture proves unfortunate, and some one is compelled to suffer who, perhaps, is little able to endure the loss, the magnitude of this evil appears in its full light. This all comes of the feverish anxiety to get riches, to sport in fashionable attire, to flash in splendid equipages, to live, by all means, up to and, by all means, a little better than that envied neighbor. What misery all this entails can never be summed up. Think of its effect upon the youth. How he pines to begin where his "old

man" left off. As to its influence upon the young woman, that, as the newspaper reporter states it, "can be better "imagined than described." In all seriousness, however, the evil is much to be deplored, and in view of its spreading influence we must not wonder that within a few months the nation was loudly exhorted to repudiate her debt by paying a bond with the issue of a note. A celebrated member of our Bar has informed us of a clergyman who had borrowed several hundred dollars of a member of his congregation, and who, having at last exhausted his creditor's forbearance, was invited to the office of counsel to make payment of the debt. He brought no cash, but, as a substitute, exhibited an abundance of indignation at the discourtesy offered in supposing that he owed any man a dollar. "My dear sir," exclaimed he to the lawyer, "how dare your client "send for me in this manner? I settled that claim long "since." "Settled it?" repeated the counsel. "To be "sure, sir," continued the debtor. "I gave him my note "for it three years ago. What more does he want than "that?" This seems ludicrous enough, but alas! for our national pride, it is the very doctrine we were but recently called upon to proclaim as our policy. Men in high places, claiming to be representative men, and to speak for large numbers of their fellow-citizens, openly advocated this identical dishonesty. To say that it was frowned down is nothing to the point. The sorrowful fact remains as a blot upon our history that it found many and influential supporters. I would remedy this by a healthier tone of public sentiment—by teaching the sanctity of obligations, the sacredness of trusts, the inviolability of a promise. "He that sweareth unto his

“neighbor and *disappointeth him* not, although it were to “his own hindrance,” is to receive the blessing, that he “shall never fall.” Let us all look to it, then, that in our day and generation we do and say nothing to encourage what we may well call the spreading evil of the hour: indifference to the solemn responsibility of a promise, coupled with an unquenchable thirst for money-getting. *Bishop Patrick* wisely says: “Be not so vain as to trust “to ill-gotten goods; for if your riches increase by honest “means, they are not things wherein to place either your “confidence and hope, or your love and joy.” And *Horne beautifully* expresses his condemnation of Avarice, in these words: “Indeed, he who is made vain and covetous by “money, however honestly gotten, renders that a curse “to one which was designed a blessing to many, and “*drowns himself* in the spring which should have watered “all around him.”

Another duty to our neighbor, which bringeth rich reward to him who practices it, is charity. By this word I no more mean the mere benevolence of giving alms, than do I intend by the expression “neighbor” to signify the person who lives next door to you. We all know that *charity* has a much broader meaning than is generally ascribed to it, and that it embraceth all men as well as all good works. The bestowal of a moneyed relief is only one of the developments of the virtue—a mere bud upon a large tree of holy feeling. Men may be very piously inclined and have no charity. The priest who refused a burial in church ground to the body of the opera-dancer Chamervi may have been a strictly religious man, but he certainly possessed little of this grace; at all events, Napoleon I. did not regard his holy calling as entitling

him to much protection, for, with the order for the interment of the corpse, there came a warrant for the imprisonment of the minister. Punishment, however, brought no repentance, for a few years afterwards Louis XVIII. had to intervene to secure the burial of another actress, Mlle. Raucour, and the quelling of a popular disturbance. So, too, Lord Thurlow may have bestowed any amount in alms, but he certainly possessed no charity. A solicitor was undertaking to establish the death of a certain person, but the Judge appeared dissatisfied with the proofs. At last the advocate said, "But I saw him in his coffin: he was my client." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Judge. "Why did you not tell me that before? You his lawyer! enough to kill him!" Contrast this with Lord Campbell's description of Erskine, as "kind to his juniors, polite to witnesses, attentive to circumstances, and glad even to accommodate with a seat." What need to add that it might be useful "to hold up for imitation his admirable demeanor while engaged in business at the Bar, to which, perhaps, his success was not less due than to his talents." Here, as everywhere, virtue brought its rich reward, for the historian adds that, "enjoying uninterruptedly a boyish flow of animal spirits, enlivening the dullest cause with his hilarity and good humor, he was a universal favorite." This charity, then, teaches us general toleration and unvarying kindness. Under its influence we will be careful of even trifles, remembering their dignity, and that with Him, who gives us this grace, nothing is great, nothing small. We will remove from the pavement the paring of fruit which might occasion another's fall; we will be careful to dry up every little weeping eye that we

meet in our day's journey; and where we can bestow no money, to give that cheering word or sympathizing look which is balm to many a wound. If we did but know the value of those little acts of kindness which cost us nothing, but are of such priceless value to others! Alas! we do know their worth, for we have all at times been melted or soothed from great anger, perhaps great sorrow, by the simple utterance of a loving word.

“There is a tide of feeling given
To all on earth, its fountain heaven :
Beginning with the dewy flower
Just ope'd in Flora's vernal bower ;
Rising creation's order through
With richer murmur, brighter hue :
That tide is *sympathy*, whose ebb and flow
Give life its shades of joy and woe.”

Worldly graces may require time for their attainment. We must dig for wisdom, for her price is far above rubies, and though “we should know all that ever varied learning knew, still would we know ourselves the less.” But civility requires no labor: kindness no effort. Every man carries with him an overflowing, never emptying, treasury of love, if he will but open the gateway of his heart, and let the clear waters of charity flow out. As all must admit this truth, it would seem as if the man who goes through life perpetually slandering and snarling must be in some way diseased in his moral constitution. There are many great men who are unfortunately great brutes. Over two thousand years ago, a thorough student of nature wrote,

“*Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.*”

And perhaps the exercise of the very charity, the

absence of which we deplore in others, should teach us to overlook all the rudeness and barbarity we encounter in the world, regarding it as the offspring of some unfortunate malady. The sorrow is, that there has as yet been discovered no remedy for the evils these miseries inflict upon others. PROFESSOR ORDRONAU, from whose writings I have derived many of this evening's thoughts, informs us that the laws of the Twelve Tables provided for the care of lunatics and prodigals. The Institutes of Justinian repeated the same merciful provisions, and all civilized legislation has followed in the pathway of those codes. But no system of laws has as yet undertaken the custody or reformation of the habitual growler, the constant defamer. Perhaps he has been overlooked as unworthy of notice, or neglected as a known incurable. But something should be done for him, and as a quack doctor once advertised a pill, the magic virtues of which would enable a young lady to retire from a room gracefully, our patient is entitled to some consideration from science. And to her we commend him.

From the consideration of our obligation to others we turn to notice what may be called our social or home duties. These, it is to be feared, are too frequently neglected. Between the attractions the world presents for one of the partners of the household, and the cares which too often oppress the other member of the firm, the home altar is apt to fall into decay. It has been beautifully said that "To Adam, Paradise was a home; to the good among his descendants, home is "a Paradise." To effect this desirable end, some effort should be expended, and no effort should be deemed a labor. There was a time when parents were the most

cruel of all tyrants. Poor Jonathan, after a hard day's battle and working great salvation in Israel, was condemned to death by an unjust father for no other offence than that he had tasted a little honey, and was only rescued by the uprising of the people, who would not witness such a murder. Much nearer to our own times we find the founder of a new kingdom, the great Frederick, subjected in his youth to such indignities as made Macaulay write that "Oliver Twist in the parish workhouse, and Smike at Dotheboys' Hall, were petted children when compared with this wretched heir-apparent of a Crown." Our own day and city have witnessed the beating of a poor child by its mother until its reason was impaired, and in another case the print left by a hot iron was shown upon the body of a little sufferer. These instances are of course very exceptional, but they mark the fiendish disposition of a certain class. Why are not the thousands sent abroad for the conversion of the heathen devoted to the evangelization of the savages at our own doors? Think of the treasure it costs to convert a solitary Turk, and what is still worse, reflect upon the very doubtful character of the change, and the vast amount of good that the expenditure could do at home. The sense of duty which would call back a portion of the charity now wasted abroad might perhaps serve to mitigate some of the horrors at our own doors. The spirit of peace, which should govern each separate household, should also be propitiated, and the family circle should be so cultivated as to make it, what doubtless the Great Creator designed it to be, the representation of heaven upon earth. Instead of bringing all our cares and annoyances to the hearthstone, there to be discharged at the innocent members of the family,

why cannot all these troubles be left at the threshold, and home be entered as a sort of newer and happier existence? Why should we think it one of our established rights to annoy our friends and relatives with our grievances? Some one has truthfully said: "We hear in these days a great deal respecting rights: the rights of private judgment, the rights of labor, the rights of property, and the rights of man." To this might well be added the rights of women and the right of making other people wretched.

"Rights are grand things, Divine things, in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound these rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for the man who feels nothing more grand in this wondrous, Divine world than his own rights. Two thousand years ago, there was one hero on this earth who lived the grandest life that ever has been lived yet—a life which every thinking man with deeper or shallower meaning has agreed to call Divine. I read little respecting his rights or his claims of rights; but I read a great deal respecting his duties. Every act he did he called a duty. I read very little in that life respecting his rights, but I hear a vast deal respecting his wrongs—wrongs infinite—wrongs borne with a majestic, God-like silence. His reward? His reward was that which God gives to all his true and noble ones: to be cast out in his day and generation, and a life-conferring death at last. These were his rights."

In the beautiful light of that holy life, let us cultivate everywhere, but especially when surrounded by our

household gods, the use of gentle words, the invocation of kind thoughts—so cheap, yet so mighty to save from bitter memories when Death, the great peace-maker, shall come at last.

This reflection naturally leads our footsteps to the last archway in our mine of thought. Above its portal I see written, "Duty to God." Its galleries, like the two temples of the Hindoos to Brahma (the Creator of all) and to Vishnu, (the Preserver of all,) contain the principles of all other duties. Here we notice the obligation to study the word of truth; to love our neighbor; to obey the law; to be constant in prayer; to abound in good works; and to do all to His glory. What need to dilate on these? And yet how interesting to collate from the works of the wise and good the injunctions which teach and the exhortations which illustrate these several duties? My time, however, admonishes me to be brief; and, like some travellers who wander through a long picture-gallery, and would fain stop to admire the productions of the masters, we are hurried on, for before us stretch out other and still other galleries. Of what avail is it that here is Leonardo's Last Supper? Beyond it is Michael Angelo's Cartoon; and still further is Raphael's Holy Family; whilst in the distance our eyes are tempted to a Titian's Madonna or a Coreggio's Nativity, a Tintoretto's Raising of the Cross, or a Guido's Aurora. Beyond all the paths the eye of Philosophy can explore, there lieth the narrow resting-place of man; and still beyond that the brighter and better world, which, though far off, is ever near and open to the eye of Faith. Could we but plant in our hearts a pervading love and longing for the bliss

of that existence, the sentiment would not only more truly fit us for both worlds, but enable us the better to enjoy even this life. The expulsive power of that new affection, like the love for the pure and good, would drive out all that was sordid or immoral in our hearts. This was the argument of Dr. Chalmers, in one of his most eloquent discourses. The sweet logic of his thoughts and the beauty of his language may excuse the reproduction of his sentiment:

“Conceive,” he says, “a man to be standing on the
 “margin of this green world, and that when he looked
 “toward it he saw abundance smiling upon every field,
 “and all the blessings which earth can afford scattered
 “in profusion throughout every family, and the light
 “of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habi-
 “tations, and the joys of human companionship bright-
 “ening many a happy circle of society. Conceive this
 “to be the general character of the scene upon one side
 “of his contemplation; and that on the other, beyond
 “the verge of the goodly planet upon which he was
 “situated, he could descry nothing but a dark and
 “fathomless unknown. Think you that he would bid
 “a voluntary adieu to all the brightness and all the
 “beauty that were before him upon earth, and commit
 “himself to the frightful solitude away from it? If
 “space offered him nothing but a wilderness, would he,
 “for it, abandon the home-bred scenes of life and of
 “cheerfulness that lay so near, and exerted such a power
 “of urgency to detain him? Would not he cling to
 “the regions of sense, and of life, and of society; and,
 “shrinking away from the desolation that was beyond
 “it, would not he be glad to keep his firm footing on

“the territory of this world, and to take shelter under
 “the silver canopy that was stretched over it?

“But if, during the time of his contemplation, some
 “happy island of the blest had floated by, and there had
 “burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glories,
 “and its sounds of sweeter melody; and he clearly saw
 “that there a purer beauty rested upon every field, and
 “a more heartfelt joy spread itself among all the fam-
 “ilies; and he could discern there a peace and a piety
 “and a benevolence which put a moral gladness into
 “every bosom, and united the whole society in one
 “rejoicing sympathy with each other and with the be-
 “neficent Father of them all: could he further see that
 “pain and mortality were there unknown, and, above
 “all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an
 “avenue of communication was made for him: per-
 “ceive you not that what was before the wilderness
 “would become the land of invitation, and that *now*
 “the world would be the wilderness? What unpeopled
 “space could not do can be done by space teeming with
 “beatific scenes and beatific society. And let the exist-
 “ing tendencies of the heart be what they may to the
 “scene that is near and visible around us, still, if another
 “stood revealed to the prospect of man, either through
 “the channel of faith or through the channel of his
 “senses, then, without violence done to the constitution
 “of his moral nature, may he die unto the present world
 “and live to the lovelier world that stands in the dis-
 “stance away from it.”

I have found nothing in explanation of this subject
 so well adapted to the comprehension of the plainest
 mind as these words of the great theologian. His con-

temporary, Dr. Merle—better known as the eloquent D'Aubigné—has also presented a condensation of Christian duty in his "*Three Onlys*;" but Chalmers seems more truly to touch the heart while he convinces the reason.

Let us part, then, with the conviction that Duty shall be made our password through life. At home, or in our daily walks—in our treatment of every relative, friend, or stranger—in affliction or in prosperity—in every trial, in every joy—let our "primal duties shine aloft like stars." If the task is difficult, the trial great, we shall not go unrewarded even here. Though enemies should misconstrue, and even friends grow lukewarm, Nature will come to our relief, and Earth and Heaven shall smile upon our fidelity to principle.

"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On *duties well performed*, and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear."

If this stirs up our hearts, let us listen to even brighter promises than these for him that overcometh. He shall be "clothed in white raiment," the emblem of perfect purity and perfect joy; his "name shall not be blotted out of the Book of Life," though thousands of others should be rejected, and though he might often fear, and even fall, amidst conflicts and temptations; his name "shall be confessed" before the angelic host;

he shall be kept "from the hour of temptation." He shall be made "a pillar in the temple;" shall "sit upon the throne;" shall be visited with no more hunger, or thirst, or tears; shall know no more death, nor sorrow, nor pain; for him is the palm of peace, the crown of victory, the life of immortality, the immortality of heaven.

Let us mark that these are no words of poet, preacher, or philosopher: they are the promises of Him whose hand sustains the universe.

Behold, then, constantly, our little word: how like a diamond it glistens, and shines more brightly in surrounding shade: how in its beams we see each moral truth evolved: how it teaches us its lessons—of love of country, of neighbor, of family, of our own souls: how it cheers our pathway here, and illumines the darkness of the road beyond: how it says to us, with Augustin of old, "*Non valet, hæc ego dico, hæc tu dicis, hæc ille dicit, sed hæc dicit Dominus.*"

